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NOTICE.

The sixth year, and eleventh volume of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will commence on Saturday, April 4th. We trust we shall have to part company with very few of our present subscribers, many of whom have been with us, warmly and strongly, from the first. We hope, too, to have to add many new names to our list. Let it be understood our terms are *payment in advance*; for we are weary of serving those who (in some instances for two or three years) have made us not the slightest return, and we can no longer afford to take such risks, or, as experience proves, to bear such certain loss.

Renewals of subscription, and new subscriptions for the sixth year are now in order.

Garrick, Kean, Booth, Rachel, Mrs. Kemble.

Mr. Verplanck's interesting article upon GARRICK, in the last *Crayon*, induces us to say a few words of actors and acting. Some general distinctions became indispensable in assigning a place to RACHEL, as it is evident that they must again in the case of Miss HERON, whom we hope shortly to see, and of whom the very able critics of the N. Y. *Courier* and *Evening Post* express such diverse opinions. It seems strange that when less than a century has passed since Garrick died, and when he was the first eminent English actor whose name will be forever associated with the great statesmen, artists and men of letters of his own time, we should really know nothing of the secret of his power and the characteristics of his genius. Such friends as Johnson, Goldsmith and Burke have left nothing but general expressions of admiration, and whether he had creative and interpretative genius as an actor of Shakspeare, or whether he was what Macaulay (in his late life of Dr. Johnson) would make him—only the most incomparable and versatile of mimics—no one can determine. Mr. Verplanck's interesting article throws no new light upon this question. No Wil-

liam Hazlitt or Richard H. Dana (senior) of Garrick's time has (as they have in the case of the elder Kean) given us his genius re-presented imaginatively and distinctively. That kind of criticism did not then exist in England. It is only necessary to turn to John Philip Kemble and Macready to see that Macaulay may be substantially right, and that Garrick, like them, may have done for Shakspeare all that full and graceful appreciation and rendering of details, intelligent and elaborate study and admirable elocution can do, without that genius which in the elder KEAN and BOOTH struck, with true imaginative conception, intuitively and directly to the centre of the natures of Shakspeare's creations, and embodied them with such truth and with such complete abandonment and merging of the actor's own individuality, that he was lost in transformation.

The first method is analytic, and the actor studies a part superficially, and *plays the inference*, so that characters become little better than generalities; the latter is synthetic and creative, and the conceptions as played become concrete embodiments. Actors of the first class, like almost all of our summer painters among the White Mountains, are mere copyists of nature; this is their merit, and when they attempt more, it is very clearly their limitation; those of the latter, like Turner, give imaginative realizations. When we hear actors of consummate talent, like Kemble and Macready, we can admire grace of gesture, beauty of tone, exquisite rendering of particular passages, and can come from the theatre to talk of an admirable "reading" of Hamlet or Othello, and to gather up golden fragments for memory; when we hear actors of consummate genius, like the elder Kean and Booth, we see face to face Hamlet or Othello as an overpowering presence and fearful reality; we are too much lost in the awful problems and trials of the man before us, whose life and struggles of thought and passion are realized visibly to our senses and imaginatively to our sympathies, to be able coolly to criticize and admire details, though full of the "unbought grace" of nature, and we come away forgetful of the actor and overcome by Shakspeare as brought home to us by the actor's embodiment, forgetful of details, in that we have "plucked out the heart of the mystery" to which details, however exquisite, are trifles—and, instead of trying from fragmentary suggestions to construct a consistent Hamlet or Othello, we have one, grasped and embodied intuitively, imaginatively and with unerring reference to the central laws of his nature, by which to reconcile old critical difficulties and symmetrize seeming disproportions. Booth's acting of Hamlet gave one more insight into his nature than all criticisms of

Hamlet from Dr. Johnson up to Schlegel and Coleridge. It gave him at once unity and reality, though of course we do not mean to say that it conclusively settled those great questions as to Hamlet which have been the puzzles of great thinkers. These must remain open forever.

We have used the word "intuitively" in no vague sense. To make our meaning plain, we shall refer to *that kind of creative genius in which or near which no actor can ever be classed*. We believe in "instantaneousness of conception"—but to have any clear idea of Shakspeare creating Hamlet, of Napoleon flashing out the most marvellous combinations in the exigencies of battle, of Turner seeing in his mind, before he painted, sky and cloud greater than the temple of Paestum, over which he hung them, one must fully recognize precedent labor, mastery of detail, assimilation of resources into mind and character—vast, rapid, and as impossible to mere talent as the completed creations themselves. No such man was ever the mere "vehicle of inspiration." Newton or Leibnitz could no more have swept to or foreseen conclusions with a rapidity baffling every mind's power to follow but one of equal genius, without a swift and complete precedent mastery of processes, than one can be a great pianist, whatever his genius, without first mastering his instrument. Acceleration and rapidity are of the essence of genius, and one of its inviolable accompaniments is that the details and processes are as much more complete as they are more rapid than the elaborations of talent. Shakspeare's little things are as much greater than the little things of men of great talent, as his conceptions are greater than their constructions. Napoleon, just surrendered, showing the marine on board the Bellerophon the French "Exercise," Turner found alone in a boat which he was gently moving from side to side, while he was taking down in a kind of short-hand, inexplicable to others, the ripples which would be ready for use years after, in some great picture, are instructive specimens of the universal truth to detail—as distinct from slavery to it—of men of genius.

These suggestions imperfectly cover and express the simpler and more important laws and distinctions to be applied in estimating the relative positions of actors. It is much more easy to state them in themselves than to apply them justly to players—for there is such a thing as partial genius, and such a thing as high genius, with expression limited or modified by some personal idiosyncrasy or peculiarity, or by some national type of character. We are quite ready to concede that Rachel is inferior to Mrs. Siddons, and that she may be inferior to Ristori, in queenly sweep and impassioned abandonment of nature. We can see that

she is rather intellectual than emotional, and that she cannot, like them, give magnetism to goodness—but that because of these, and because she always acts the same play in the same way, to the last detail, it follows, as some maintain, that she is not an imaginative artist, we confidently deny. The real question is behind all these—whether her characters, as she plays them, do not, because of their artistic integrity and unity, as judged from a central and not an external point of view, necessarily presuppose high imaginative conception of character. If so, then these objections are trivial. Had not the world already decided this in her favor, it would be a labor of love to demonstrate it. We cannot regard it as an open question. Some one said of Michel Angelo that he was so purely imaginative that fancy was excluded; it may be a question whether this is not her limitation, explaining her exact repetition of details. At any rate, it is as inconsequential in relation to an estimate of her genius, as it is, with Macready, illustrative of his want of imaginative conception and embodiment. Booth was almost Protean in his transformations, and we recall with admiration and delight how completely the whole character of his looks, tones, gestures, and all the smallest details were naturally and necessarily marked by as absolute a line of separation in his acting Shylock, Iago, Lear, Hamlet and Othello, as were his conceptions of the characters themselves. Inferior in this respect as was Rachel, we should have been violently unjust to her capacity for perfect loss of her own personality in embodiment, had we not seen her transformation in the "Marseillaise," which was as fearful as it was unexpected, in which she seemed half sybil and half Cassandra, and prophetically shrieked the fatal entrance of revolution.

Of Garrick it is too late, and of Miss Heron it is too early for us to attempt to decide the question whether, with either or both, it has been imaginative realization or merely literal representation of character. When we see Miss Heron, and especially if she will submit herself to the severe test of acting Ophelia, Desdemona or Juliet, it will not be difficult to form an opinion. We hope, in a future article, to speak somewhat at length of Mrs. KEMBLE's eminent merits, and of what we conceive to be her limitations. We shall only say now that, to our minds, she has not sufficiently high, delicate and subtle imagination and insight to grasp Shakespeare's characters, vitally, and to give them that ideal power and grace which sets them high and apart from all other English dramatic creations, and that, consequently, (for instance), her conceptions of Imogen and Perdita are not imaginatively distinguished in respects most vital to their characters; her Richard III. and Macbeth are *mannish*, like harsh contralto voices; her distinctiveness of characterization external and general instead of true and characteristic, and her rendering of those passages of imagination, which have no resting place in all literature but in his works, wanting apprehension of the ecstasy which they embody. We find this view entirely confirmed by reading her poetry, which has spirit, fire and directness, but is bleak from subjectivity, from want of poetic atmosphere, and of subtle, ideal and "majestic and airy" grace and repose of movement. In other words, it seems clear to us that she has versatility as distinguished from variety—that she has neither the delicacy and depth of na-

ture, nor the power and subtlety of imagination to act or read Shakspeare interpretatively, and that her powers would be tasked to their full capacity in reading Ben. Jonson and Massinger. But we have applied the severest of tests, and it must be remembered that very few English actresses have ever lived to whose claims to the highest honors the application of such a test would not be fatal. We turn with admiration and gratitude to what Mrs. Kemble's readings have done. Her apprehension and conception of Shakspeare are superior to those of a large majority of her audience, and she has filled the thinking mind of this city full of Shakspeare; many who cannot read him without effort, and many who scarcely read him at all, have learned through her with delight; and many have had these fountains of inspiration, as immortal as the soul, opened upon them like a new life. Never in this country, on any stage, have the plays of Shakspeare been given with such general and uniform fullness and completeness. In the many cases where she gives the conceptions and general rendering of the characters in which her father, uncles and others were famous, she shows imitative ability of the highest order, and calls up the great "Kemble family," on which she has reflected such lustre. And then what wonderful compass, power, variety and modulation of voice, what power of transition of passion and face, how honestly and earnestly attempting to do full justice to the author, and how absolutely true to her own thought! To be sure, such as we have described them, we have no doubt are the limitations of her power, but when we think of her, we forget these, to marvel that one strong, earnest and impulsive woman can have placed before us, with such general impressiveness and distinctiveness, so many and such diverse creations of the greatest of men.

As we have made Mr. Verplanck's article upon Garrick the occasion of these remarks, we cannot better close them than with Charles Lamb's justly indignant language, referring to the nonsense, as common now as it was then, of making the genius of the actor of character the same in kind with that of its creator.

"Taking a turn the other day in the Abbey, I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure, which I do not remember to have seen before, and which, upon examination, proved to be a whole-length of the celebrated Mr. Garrick. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this harlequin figure the following lines:

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose; then to expand his fame
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew;
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick called them back to day;
And till Eternity with pow'r sublime
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
Shakspeare and Garrick like twin-stars shall shine
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

It would be an insult to my readers' understanding to attempt anything like a criticism on this farrago of false thoughts and nonsense. But the reflection it led me into was a kind of wonder, how, from the days of the actor here celebrated to our own, it should have been the fashion to compliment every performer in his turn, that has had the luck to please the town in any of the great characters of Shakspeare, with the notion of possessing a *mind congenial with the poet's*; how people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read or recite the same when put into words; or what connection that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man, which a great dramatic poet possesses, has with those tricks

upon the eye and ear, which a player by observing a few general effects, which some common passion, as grief, anger, &c., usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass. It is observable that we fall into this confusion only in *dramatic* recitations. We never dream that the gentleman who reads Lucretius in public with great applause, is therefore a great poet and philosopher; nor do we find that Tom Davis, the bookseller, who is recorded to have recited the *Paradise Lost* better than any man in England in his day, was therefore by his friends set upon a level with Milton. Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining in every drawing tragedy that his wretched day produced, and shall he have that honor to dwell in our minds forever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! O who can read that affecting Sonnet of Shakspeare, which alludes to his profession as a player:—

Oh for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public custom breeds—
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in like the dyer's hand.

Or that other confession:—

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to thy view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear.

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and an actor like Garrick? W.

A correspondent in Dwight's Journal favors the exclusive employment of boys in church choirs. Whatever may be the temporary charm of childish voices, we think that the banishment of women from choral performances is a step back towards barbarism. The practice had its origin in an age which we are accustomed to call dark and ignorant, when false views of the relations of the sexes prevailed, and when the celibate monk was revered as the highest style of man. The voice of woman was never heard in the music of the church; it was considered as profane as an organ is now in Scotland. When one reads of such atrocious rules as were enacted at the Jeronimite Convent at Yuste, where Charles V. ended his days—ordering that women found within a certain distance from the gate should be flogged—it would seem that it would be but a short step for such people to the Mussulman doctrine, which barred woman out of Paradise.

Neither sex can express the whole of human thought and emotion; each is the necessary complement of the other. So neither sex can express the whole of music; the two voices united form but one instrument. In this, as in all things that concern the race, the plain dictates of the Creator cannot be overlooked: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."—*Boston Atlas*.

We fully coincide with the above, which now reminds us that we accidentally omitted to accompany the two articles of our correspondent (on "Music in the Public Schools,") with a few words of editorial comment. Some of the views expressed by "Precentor," and those which seemed to us to touch the most important issues, had our hearty sympathy; to others we were simply hospitable. The main question was—first started and mooted in the *Transcript*—how and how far should Music be taught in our public schools. In his first article "Precentor" argued that it was not enough to teach all the children in a school *en masse* to sing by rote a few trivial and taking tunes; that those who have really a talent and a voice for music should be separated from those who have not, and should have that talent recognized and made the subject of thorough and far-seeing culture to some practicable extent. We cannot but agree in principle with this. In

principle, all education, beyond a few common indispensables, like reading, writing and arithmetic, should be the development of special talents. Each child demands, by the individuality of his nature, a training different from other children. Society, in taking charge of education at all, acknowledges, in principle, the duty of complete, true education to its rising members. But principles must needs be modified in practice; social ideals are in the far future; what we do and can do is but a pitiful shadow of what we would and one day shall do; and the duty of society to the young in this matter of education thus far necessarily limits itself to a very distantly approximative and Procrustean provision.

Some say, and perhaps rightly, that it is not in the spirit of our Democratic institutions to provide special education; that all should be general and common, all should be taught alike, and only with reference to qualifying them for voters, &c. If our system, if our schools can do no more, these reasoners are right. But any slightest attempt at education involves progress, and the list of the indispensables gets to be greater and greater, and the very idea of "freedom and equality" is found more and more to involve the protection and consequently the education of individuality, of special gifts and uses. Now with regard to music, it was one great step gained (and we should be grateful to those by whose continued efforts it was gained) to have music at all recognized and admitted, as it now is generally, into our schools. Here is a point established. And now comes up a further question: How shall we make that teaching most efficient and most useful? And here we think our correspondent's views, whether immediately practicable or not, are to the point, and worthy to be seriously weighed.

Now for "Precentor's" second article. Here he points out one among other openings which present society affords to boys who shall have been trained in schools to be good singers of sacred music: namely the choirs of certain Episcopal churches. Here the writer gets upon the ground of his own speciality, with which of course we and most of our readers are not specially concerned. But we do not understand him to maintain that Music was created for the special benefit of the Episcopal church of England. For the purposes of his general argument regarding the public schools, it was enough for him to suggest that here would be one field for musical talent trained in the manner he had before suggested. Whether the English church music should employ boys' voices for the soprano, is a question for that Church, and not for us, general advocates and lovers of the Art of Music. It was "Precentor's" general view of the importance of thorough training, that commended his articles to the hospitality of our columns. With their Episcopalianism, their boy soprano theory, we have nothing to do. But we do think there is a great deal of truth in what he said about the "juvenile oratorios," and about "Professors" making it their only care to popularize themselves.

The question of music in the schools demands and shall receive our attention at more length.

M. Thalberg's Return.

The great pianist is with us again, and is stirring up the musical activities of Boston in all its various channels. He has already given us two concerts in the Music Hall, before great audiences. The first

was on Tuesday evening. He played only pieces made familiar by his former visit, namely: his Fantasias on *Don Giovanni*, the Prayer from Moses, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, his Tarantella, and, for an encore, "Sweet Home." These gave the same measure and quality of delight as before, approving him still the most elegant and brilliant of pianists; cool, gentlemanly, quiet in the execution of wondrous difficulties; faultless in taste, in command of form and characteristic treatment; neither exciting nor excited, but giving the enjoyment of most finished beauty in the present moment. The Tarantella interested us the most. He plays two; one from *Masaniello*; but this is his own, and is one of his most graceful and individual works.

The programme generally was of a "popular" and hacknied character, and there was rather an excess of accessory attractions. Herr SCHREIBER opened each part with a long piece of variations on the trumpet, as tedious, flute-like and sentimental as they were skilful in execution. We do not see but he plays quite as well as Koenig, but what is it all worth? Mme. D'ANGRI's rich and luscious Contralto charmed as much as ever, when she did not trench too closely on the soprano or indulge in mannish very low tones. She sang the air from *Belly*, from the *Fille du Regiment*, and the "Ricci Waltz" with much skill and effect, all hacknied pieces. The coarseness of the *R-r-r-r-rataplan* and the Spanish song could well have been spared; and her swaggering delivery of the *Borgia* Brindisi was not of the most refined. Mme. JOHANNSEN was really an attraction, but suffered with such an inflammation of the throat as fully justified the apology upon the programme, and made it a cruelty to herself to sing the everlasting *Robert*, in which, however, she won much applause. In the little German songs, sung at the piano, she triumphed over physical drawbacks and gave rare delight. These were: "The Swallows," by Abt, the arch and bright little *Volkslied*, by Kücken, and for an encore what seemed to us a wild snatch of Hungarian melody.

On Thursday evening Thalberg played his *Norma*, *Masaniello* and *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasias, and "Home, Sweet Home;" Herr Schreiber a fantasia and "Katy Darling;" Mme. Johannsen sang the Romance from "Tell," a waltz, and a duet from *Semiramide* with D'Angri; and the latter sang airs from the *Huguenots* and *La Gazza Ladra*, and the Rondo from *Cenerentola*.

The first Matinée at 1 P. M., on Wednesday, drew about as many listeners as Chickering's Saloon would hold. It was not in any poor sense a "fashionable" audience, (as the very odd card of the management, in some of the papers, since prudently retracted, had led many to fear it would be), but as intelligent, refined and musical an assemblage as one would wish to see. The great majority were ladies, and the scene beautiful and social. Here is the programme:

- 1—Fantasia. "Sonnambula".....Thalberg.
- 2—Andante.....Thalberg.
- 3—Sonata in C sharp minor.....Beethoven.

INTERMISSION.

- 4—The Miserere. "Il Trovatore".....Verdi.

On the Alexandre Organ.

INTERMISSION.

- 5—Marche Funebre.....Chopin.
- 6—Home, Sweet Home.....Thalberg.
- 7—Fantasia. "L'Elisir d'Amore".....Thalberg.

We have no room for critical detail. Of course Thalberg's own pieces were played as he only can play them. His *Andante* we enjoyed most. In his *Sonnambula* fantasia he happily touches at the outset, in two consecutive phrases, and afterwards expands, the two finest ideas in that opera. The Beethoven Sonata, (the "Moonlight"), was played rather with exquisite grace and beauty than with that Beethoven-like depth and earnestness of feeling, which we have been wont to find, especially in the slow first movement. Was it not a trifle too fast, and were the triplets of the accompaniment made significant

enough? But we had rather think the fault was in our own listening mood. The Orgue Alexandre is one of the finest, perhaps the finest, of reed organs, and was handled with artistic skill; the stops used for solos in the *Miserere* were of beautiful quality, but the full organ has still the something that we cannot quite abide in all reed organs. We were obliged to lose the third part. The piano, made upon a new scale, by the Chickering's, was one of most rare excellence.

ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.—The Complimentary Concert given by this band of German singers to Miss LUCY A. DOANE, whose fine soprano songs have added such charm to their three subscription concerts, and to Herr AUGUST KREISSMANN, their conductor and sweet singer, filled the Melodeon on Wednesday evening with an enthusiastic audience. It was in all respects an admirable and an inspiring concert; indeed each concert of the "Orpheus" has seemed better than the last. No concert as a whole have we enjoyed more this winter:—all was so genial and so genuine; no empty commonplace or clap-trap; nothing to overlay and spoil a good impression. The part songs sounded even better than before. They were the gems out of the past collection, to-wit: *Die jungen Musikanten*, by Kücken, with Kreissmann's tenor solo: "Sleep, sweetest maiden," &c.; Marschner's old Minnesinger Serenade: "Why art thou from me so far, O my love," &c., one of the most deep and tender pieces of harmony imaginable; the exhilarating "Hunter's Joy," by Astholz; "The Cheerful Wanderer," and the strange "Turkish Drinking Song," by Mendelssohn; "The Bard," by Silcher, and that rich, cool, tranquil *Wanderers Nachtlied* of Goethe, by Lenz.

Miss DOANE and Mr. KREISSMANN sang beautifully the duet from *Idomeno*; and the lady added new freshness to her laurels in the *Dove sono* of Mozart, and the "Spring Song," by Mendelssohn,—OTTO DRESEL again kindly playing the accompaniments. Miss Doane was recalled every time, and the last time responded with "Comin' thro' the rye," which we have not heard sung with such winning grace and archness since Jenny Lind. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB played the Adagio and Finale from Mozart's charming Quintet, with clarinet, and repeated the scene from *Robert le Diable*. Decidedly these concerts have been left off with an appetite.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—The eleventh Afternoon Concert was rich with the Symphony in C (the "Jupiter") by Mozart, the Allegretto from Beethoven's eight Symphony, and the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Siege of Corinth." Mr. Ribas played very finely a "Theme and variations" on that by no means brilliant, but quaint and honest sounding uncle of the hautboy, the English Horn; and there was bright store of dance music.

Chat from Paris.

(From the Indépendance Belge.)

ROSSINI.—A few days since, the author of *Le Comte Ory*, happening to pass along the Boulevards, stopped before a bill promising a concert of fifteen hundred musicians. On seeing this, the maestro, with that Italian mimicry, so comic in its demonstration, began to groan, and indulge in small suppressed sighs, begging for pity and mercy from this terrible bill.

You are aware that Rossini is quite one of ourselves. He is no longer a stranger passing through Paris, but a Parisian who has returned to his home; only you must not talk to him about music: he will tell you: "He has forgotten all that." Last summer, he met, at Wildbad, the Dowager Empress of Russia, who lavished on him all the most delicate touches of imperial coquetry. She had the audacity to ask him for a simple *brindisi*. Rossini replied that Germany was a

beautiful country. One day, however, the Empress thought she had induced him to accompany on the piano a young lady of her suite, who is rather fond of singing. Rossini sat down resignedly to the instrument, struck two or three chords, and then, giving way to that nervous irritation that has detached him from the art to which he owes his immortality, said, as he rose from his chair, "You see, Madame, I know nothing about it—nothing—I have forgotten it all!"

A few weeks later I met him at Baden, where I witnessed a touching exhibition. A select audience was assembled at the Théâtre de la Conversation for the first performance of the French company. Rossini was in the house. The orchestra executed the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. At the very first bars, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the ladies about her, rose and turned in mute, but profoundly expressed, homage towards the author of that immortal masterpiece. Ceding to an electric impulse, the entire assembly imitated this movement, and it was in this attitude, standing up, that they listened to the most wonderful melodies to which the human brain ever gave birth. I watched Rossini, who was leaning on his stick, with his eyes fixed on the ground. Not the slightest emotion flitted across his impassible physiognomy. He appeared to be resigned to his glory, as he would be to the consequences of some act of youthful indiscretion.

Guillaume Tell is, however, still the breach by which he is accessible. When the person talking to him is neither a frequenter of the green-room nor a speculator in *cafés-chantants*, Rossini will support being told that *Guillaume Tell* is "a fine thing." But the speaker must not dwell upon the subject, or rise to the lyric height of enthusiasm, for Rossini will immediately begin talking about macaroni, or something equally relevant.

Rossini resides in the Rue Basse du Rempart. Whenever a ray of sunshine lights up and warms our foggy sky, he is fond of going out on the Boulevard and walking two hours arm-in-arm with a friend. In the evening he receives a very limited number of intimate acquaintances: Carafa, the composer; Henri Blaze, who published a notice full of charming and delicate touches about the *maestro*; Vivier, the horn-player; Antoni Deschamps, the poet; and Madame D., a lady of fashion, and a distinguished amateur singer. The lamp, sobered down by a shade, only doubtfully illuminates the apartment, for the *maestro* cannot bear a strong light. His guests chat, while he walks up and down, to calm his nerves, which are in a constant state of irritation. Despite all that has been said, there is a piano in the room; it is, however, true that this piece of furniture makes but little noise and does but little work. It would be altogether useless to ask Rossini to go near it. This would be the very way to drive him from it, and, consequently, no one thinks of such a thing, but sometimes, when people least expect it, he suddenly places his fingers on the keys, and evokes some piece or other of celestial harmony, for instance, most frequently, the Septet from *Don Juan*. "All music is contained in that," said Rossini, one day; "the rest is useless." This decision is somewhat discouraging for young composers, but we may appeal against it, and it is lucky this admiration for Mozart did not prevent Rossini from writing *Il Barbiere*, *La Gazza*, *Otello*, *Le Comte Ory*, *Guillaume Tell*, and other useless works.

People long clung to the hope that Rossini's silence was simply a whim, but this illusion is no longer admissible. It seems pretty certain that no consideration could ever prevail on the *maestro* to face a public who appear to him perverted, not to say brutalized, by the systems of music. After his decease, an attempt will probably be made to collect some scattered leaves, and something called a posthumous opera of Rossini will be produced, but as long as he lives he will never authorize any such proceeding.

Rossini still suffers from that rather imaginary disease called a nervous affection—that is to say, that the illness is more especially in the brain, which is attacked by a thousand imaginary phantoms. Invalids of this class—who have something of the child about them—groan a great deal,

eat very well, are always afraid of being shivered, by coming in contact with a piece of furniture, and pass their time in arranging their funerals, which fortunately are very distant, and which they see pass before them while living, like Charles V. But the peculiar feature of such a state is to deprive the patient of all interest in labor and glory. Rossini is in this state, and this is the reason why his music is dumb.

PORTRAIT OF HANDEL.—An interesting portrait of Handel—the one by Denner, "painted in 1736 or 1737," and engraved for Cox's "Anecdotes" of Handel and Smith in 1799—has just been presented by Lady Rivers to the *Sacred Harmonic Society*. The head, though timidly painted and dry in its coloring, is nevertheless full of character and expression. We have there something of the inspiration of the Poet, who when he wrote the Messiah 'Hallelujah' fancied that he beheld the heavens with their ineffable glories opened above him,—something of the passion of the man who held the refractory prima donna out of the window till she consented to sing as he bade her,—and who called Janson, the Chester chorister, "scoundrel," because, having undertaken to sing at "sight," he proved unable to sing at "first sight." Grandeur, fire, and humor are in the face. The accessories have been less carefully studied,—the ambrosial curls of the *perruque* are confused and dusty,—the robe, instead of coming to a hem, dies away like a dream. Can any friend tell us whether there were more Denners than one who painted portraits? This interesting contribution to the museum of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* can surely not be from the hand of Balhazar Denner, whose over-finished heads, like so many colored compounds of marrow and marble, with every pore and eyelid discernible, are familiar to all who know foreign galleries.—*London Athenæum*.

Musical Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 22.—Last Thursday our Philharmonic Society gave their third Concert to a pretty good and apparently much delighted audience. The greater part of our most musical amateurs have been in their day New England boys and girls, and have their relatives and friends spread all over New England, from which fact it may be inferred that the majority of the readers of your Journal will be somewhat interested in our musical doings, and so I venture to send you a few more lines regarding them. The above concert was made up of the following programme:—

PART I.	
Overture—"Echoes of Ossian".....	Gade.
Fantasia—Caprice for the Violin.....	Vieuxtemps.
Mit. De Clercq.	
Symphony, No. 8, in E flat.....	Haydn.
PART II.	
Concerto for the Piano, in C major.....	Beethoven.
Mr. Fr. Werner.	
Fantasia—Burlesque for the Violin.....	De Clercq.
Overture—"Egmont".....	Beethoven.

The Orchestra played a good deal better than in any of the preceding concerts. There was precision in some of their former performances, but there is now, as it were, more unity, more blending of the different instruments. The general character of their manner of rendering the above compositions deserved, I think, considerable praise, and in a few respects would seem superior to some performances of Orchestras in New York and Boston under the popular leaders, which I have heard, although the latter of course excel ours in most details. In those Orchestras I have been sometimes led to find fault, in a small measure, with rather too much drill, with too military an expression, with too much of a business air about them. The most gifted leader, when he assumes this business air, fails in some important points. Artistic performers should always have at least the semblance of spontaneity. Musical performers, when on a travelling tour, and

when giving concerts nearly every night, are very apt to appear with an air of routine, which is very unfavorable to the highest results of our artistic performances. It is similar with leaders in large cities, who swing their baton every night. In this respect, for instance, the celebrated Gungl's Band might be somewhat blamed, it having been drilled in Berlin, which is reputed to be the most military looking city in all Europe; and on the other hand an absence of that marshaling spirit, and an easy southern "abandon" constitutes the charm of the Viennese orchestras of a similar character. We do not mean to claim the high merits alluded to for our orchestra. I rather suggested those discriminations as a matter of general application, and would merely say that a laudable characteristic of our late performances has been a certain degree of that spontaneity in the expression and execution. For the audiences, also, these first Philharmonic Concerts in this hemisphere, have been a matter of entire novelty, and of the most spontaneous interest, and therefore, in both respects these concerts have been very delightful, and bore a somewhat rare character.

All the compositions on the programme are familiar to the Boston public, and need not be dwelled upon. Gade's Poetical Ossian Overture seemed to be taking with many, and impressed me anew as exceedingly characteristic and high-toned. It is gratifying to have the form of an Overture differ slightly from others, which as a general thing are, to my taste, made rather too much after the same pattern, viz.: first Andante and then Allegro. Gade's Overture has some sympathetic characteristics, and these make it doubly interesting.

Our pianist, Mr. WERNER, is a genuine pupil of Chopin—geniality all over, but little Beethovenian pathos and force. The former makes his playing taking with the ladies, and in fact with the greater part of the audience, who value the sweets in music the highest. His sweets, however, differ from others in this, that they are chaste and real graces. Mr. De Clercq is a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatory, and a thoroughly educated musician; he possesses considerable execution on the violin, and has a fine "tone," but his performance as yet is somewhat unripe, and lacks in fineness. He, however, is a young man yet, and has no doubt a great deal of talent.

I will add a few words regarding an amusing "pen-war," in our daily papers, which occurred last week. The owners of our best Music Hall, which seats some 2,000 persons, announced in a most bland and suave card to the musical public, (the dear people), that as there had lately been "such a dearth of first class music in our city," they were glad to have been able to make an arrangement with Miss Pyne and Troupe, for some concerts, and so forth. This card excited some hot replies, charging those gentlemen with deviation from the truth, and unfairness towards our excellent home societies, some one adding, that as a usual thing, travelling troupes "gave us little else but trashy music, blew their trumpets and humbugged the public." The gentlemen then explained in another card, that "a dearth of first class music" meant, in English, "a scarcity of concerts," that they certainly "appreciated the quality of our home performances, but were not satisfied with the quantity." There is nothing like a discussion in the papers, and this one no doubt has helped the cause of good music in these parts, for by reiterated assertions of connoisseurs in the papers, the general public has been made aware that never before, has so much first class music been offered to our musical public, as this winter.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream," read by Mrs. FRANCES ANN KEMBLE, and enriched with the entire music by MENDELSSOHN, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library Association, made an occasion of rare interest at the Music Hall last Saturday evening. The scene was extremely beautiful. The superb vases of flowers on each side of

the reader's table, her own Muse-like dress and aspect, the brilliant, charmed and eager audience, the array of music and the sound thereof, were all in harmony. Only the music was too truly fairy-like, in that it passed, much of it, unheeded by gross mortal ears. Many treated it as if it were the usual interlude between the acts at the theatre, a signal to get up and go round and talk with friends. The overture was listened to, and so were the choruses and solos, (sung by Mrs. HARWOOD and Miss FRIES); but the two best instrumental pieces: the Fairy Scherzo, and the Intermezzo, (representing the bewildered pursuit of the lovers through the wood), were "caviare to the general." The reading was certainly one of Mrs. Kemble's happiest efforts; the characters well individualized; the serious, the comic and the fairy-like well discriminated, and the whole brought home to many minds as Shakespeare rarely is.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We Bostonians cannot complain that we have not music enough now. Great things pass by with such frequency, that we scarcely notice them. Here is the list for one week: *Tuesday eve*, 24th. Thalberg; *Wednesday*, at 1 P. M. Thalberg Matinée; 3 P. M. Orchestral Union; evening, "Orpheus." *Thursday eve*, Thalberg. *Friday*, 1 P. M. Matinée; evening, "German Trio." *Saturday eve*, Thalberg Chamber Concert. *Sunday*: "Requiem" and Thalberg. *Monday*, 1 P. M. Matinée. Only ten concerts in seven days!... But think of the fine things before us! THALBERG is a sort of moving centre about whom all the world musical revolves; artists, societies, orchestras, conductors, all file into his train. Among others Bergmann, our old Germania leader, CARL BERGMANN, who has not been with us for two years. To-night he assists Thalberg in a classical soirée at Chickering's; on Tuesday night, he conducts his orchestra in a Beethoven Concerto, &c.; and he announces ere long in his own name a Concert, which will doubtless be an event. But the event for which he comes will have its scene the middle of next week in the Boston Theatre, and will be the most interesting musical event for Boston, that has occurred for years. Then for the first time are we to hear Beethoven's opera, *Fidelio*! BERGMANN will conduct; JOHANNSEN will sing the part of Leonora; members of the German troupe from New York, the other leading parts; our German "Orpheus" will sing the chorus of prisoners, &c., &c. To-morrow evening THALBERG, with the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY give us a second hearing of Mozart's *Requiem*, which has been carefully rehearsed anew under Mr. Conductor ZERRAHN. Let no one lose a golden opportunity. Those who are curious to read and know about this famous work, will see by the Index of our Journal, which accompanies this number, references to abundant information. The *Requiem* will be followed by some of Thalberg's best pieces, and a good vocal selection by JOHANNSEN, D'ANGRI and Mrs. LONG.

The Guaranty Fund for our great May Musical Festival has nearly reached \$5,000. The new "Boston Music School" of Messrs. BAKER, ADAMS, HOMER and PARKER, opens at Mercantile Hall, a week from Monday. Classes formed the Saturday previous, at 11 A. M. See advertisement. A learned German, of considerable note in the musical world, arrived last week in New York. It is Dr. GUSTAV SCHILLING, editor of the *Lexicon der Tonkunst*, (the most extensive musical Encyclopædia ever published), author of a treatise on Musical Aesthetics, and other valuable works. Dr. S. proposes to establish himself in New York or Boston, and found a Musical Academy or Conservatory. We hope much good from his coming.

We have heard from ALFRED JAEHL, who we think, more nearly than any other pianist, helped us to form beforehand some idea of Thalberg. He has been since October in Italy, giving concerts most successfully in cities where, as a rule, concerts pay but poorly. In Florence, Milan, Bologna, Venice, he gave three concerts each, and in Trieste, his native city, five. In Florence and Trieste he gave also private Matinees, where he produced some of the "Zukunft's" music, such as his own transcriptions from Wagner, new works by Liszt, Trios of Brahms, Rubinstein, &c. These find their great admirers even in Florence. Jaehl was to leave Italy the last of February to go, by way of the Tyrol, to Hanover, to fulfil his engagement as court pianist to the king. Of opera in Italy, during the present Carnival, he reports failure and *fiasco* in all the theatres. At the Venice, in Venice, a new opera by Apolloni, called *Adelchi*, was withdrawn after two representations, in favor of *Il Trovatore*. The opera now most in vogue all over Italy is Verdi's *Traviata*, which draws always crowded houses. The Carnival at Venice is very brilliant this season; imagine more than 30,000 masks walking around the splendid Piazza San Marco!

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